EXTRA! ROBIN the teen wonder in "MURDER IN THE MIDWAY"
50¢
ALL NEW!
NO. 337
JULY
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BAT MAN
APARO
"WHERE WALKS A SNOWMAN..."

A TYPICAL EVENING IN GOTHAM CITY:
UNDER A SKY HEAVY WITH THE THREAT OF SNOW, THE CITY SPARKLES...
...AND NOWHERE DOES IT SPARKLE MORE BRIGHTLY THAN HERE ON GOTHAM AVENUE, WHERE, DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS, THE RICH AND NEAR-RICH THRONG TO GAWK AND SPEND.
BWHEEE
BWHEEE
AT NIGHT, HOWEVER, THE AVENUE SEES A DIFFERENT KIND OF CLIENTELE, WHO IN TURN ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF GOTHAM'S FINEST.
BWHOOO
POLICE RADIOS SQUAWK LIKE ANGRY CROWS... SCARLET LIGHTS FLASH IN ROTATING SWEEPS ACROSS A ROW OF STORE WINDOWS... AND BREATH COMES FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE GATHERED S.W.A.T. TEAM IN FROSTY CLOUDS.
TENSION IS A PHYSICAL PRESENCE IN THE AIR...
SPORTS HOME
...BUT NO ONE MOVES TO RELIEVE THE TENSION THEY ALL FEEL, LEAST OF ALL COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON...
...WHOSE EYES SEEM LOCKED ON A STRANGE SEARCHLIGHT PROBING THE CLOUDY NIGHT SKY.
AT LAST, GORDON SIGHS...
WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.
SERGEANT, TELL YOUR MEN TO--EH? THAT SHADOW...

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Jenette Kahn, Publisher
Joe Orlando, Editorial Director
Dick Giordano, Editor
Jack Adler, Vice-Pres. Production
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BAT MAN
CREATED BY BOB KANE
WHERE WALKS A SNOWMAN
I CAME AS SOON AS I SAW THE BAT-SIGNAL, COMMISSIONER.
WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
IN A WORD, BATMAN-- EXPLOSIVE!
POLICE
GERRY CONWAY script
ROY THOMAS plot assist
JOSÉ GARCIA-LOPEZ pencils
STEVE MITCHELL : inks
JOHN COSTANZA : letters
ADRIENNE ROY : colors
DICK GIORDANO editor
KPOW CHINK
GORDON, DOWN!
MY LORD!
KPOW CHINK
YOU WANT MY SHARPSHOOTERS TO FINISH HIM OFF, COMMISSIONER?
I'VE GOT A MAN ON THE ROOF ACROSS THE STREET WHO COULD--
NO! HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT AN "EXPLOSIVE" SITUATION.
HOW MANY MEN ARE HOLED UP IN THAT SPORTING-GOODS STORE?
JUST ONE...
2

MY MEN HAVE HIM PIN-POINTED IN THEIR IMAGE-INTENSIFIER 'SCOPES.
THE THING OF IT IS, HE'S GOT AN ARSENAL IN THERE...
...HUNTING RIFLES... TARGET PISTOLS... TONS OF AMMUNITION.
HE COULD HOLD OUT FOREVER.
I CAN'T ALLOW AN ALL-OUT ASSAULT...
...WHICH IS WHY I CALLED YOU.
I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT--
GONE!
I WISH HE WOULDN'T DO THAT.
SIXTY SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE SPRAWLING SPORTING-GOODS EMPORIUM...
YOU'RE OUT THERE! I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE!
POW
I WON'T LET YOU DO TO ME WHAT YOU DID TO JACKIE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO JACKIE, PUNK?
HUH? W-WHO--?
B-BATMAN!
POW
YOU'RE ON H-HIS SIDE!
W-WON'T LET YOU TAKE ME TO HIM!
KLIK
KLIK
EMPTY!
BUT I DON'T NEED A G-GUN...
NOT WHEN I'VE GOT THIS!
GORDON'S
WHO ARE YOU AFRAID OF, PUNK?
HIM! I SAW HIM -- SAW WHAT HE DID TO JACKIE!
3

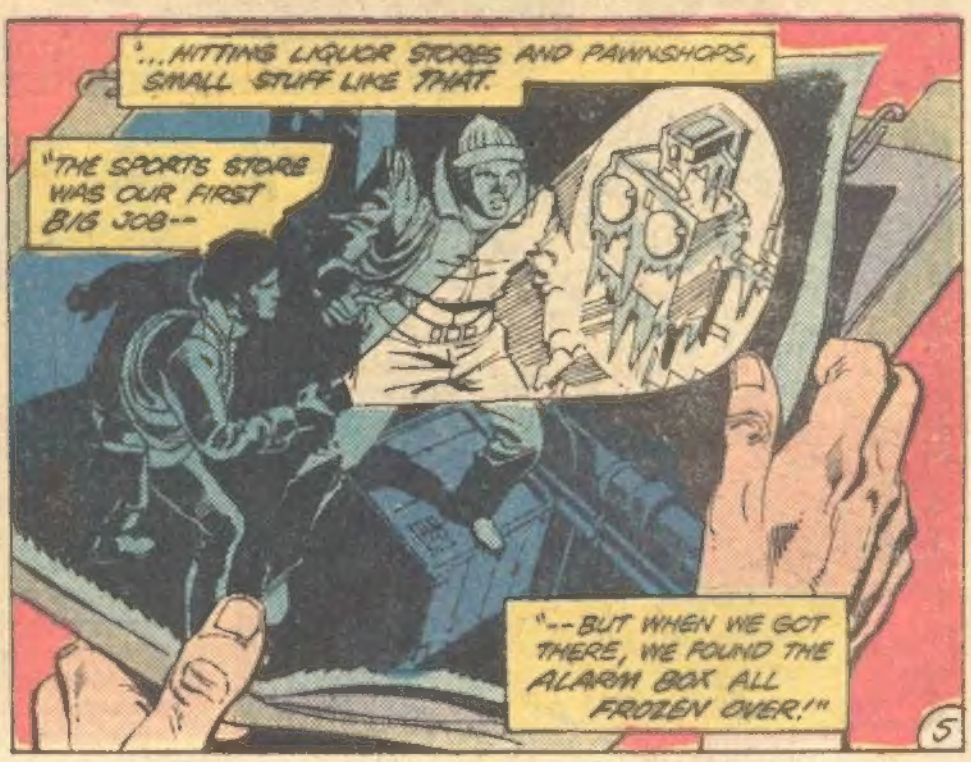
HE'S TERRIFIED OF SOMETHING--OR SOMEONE--AND IT'S DRIVEN HIM BERSERK!
BUT FRIGHTENED OR NOT, HE'S DANGEROUS!
Y-YOU'RE NOT HUMAN!
L-LIKE HIM...
...N-NOT HUMAN!
CAN'T LET HIM RUN OUTSIDE... ONE OF THE S.W.A.T. MARKSMEN MIGHT TAKE A SHOT AT HIM!
THIS BATARANG WILL BRING HIM DOWN!
N-NO! NOW HE'LL GET ME--
TWOK
--JUST LIKE HE GOT JACKIE!
WHAT'S THAT IN THE SHADOWS ABOVE HIM--?
HEE-HEE... JACKIE!
OH MY GOD!
JACKIE...
HEE HEE HEE HAHA
4
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO "JACKIE"-- FROZEN TO DEATH LIKE A HUMAN ICICLE!
HMM... STRANGE, FROSTED FOOT-PRINTS...
...LEADING TO THE REAR EXIT.
WHOEVER MADE THEM-- AND PRESUMABLY ICED JACKIE-- IS LONG GONE OR HE WOULD HAVE BEEN SPOTTED BY GORDON'S S.W.A.T. TEAM.
HUMAN FOOTPRINTS... A FROZEN MAN...
WHAT SORT OF THING AM I DEALING WITH HERE?

HAUNTED BY THAT QUESTION, THE BATMAN RETURNS WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN DOWNTOWN GOTHAM...
...HIS MOOD MATCHED BY THE STORM CLOUDS ROILING OVER THE CITY...

I'VE SEEN SOME HORRIBLE THINGS IN MY LIFE, BATMAN.
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE WHAT WE FOUND IN THAT STORE.
WHAT ABOUT THE MAN I CAPTURED?

DID MEDICATION HELP?
I SUPPOSE. THE PARA-MEDICS CALMED HIM DOWN LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET HIS STORY.
LISTEN...
"JACKIE AND ME HAD BEEN WORKING TOGETHER FOR THREE WEEKS...


"...HITTING LIQUOR STORES AND PAWNSHOPS, SMALL STUFF LIKE THAT.
"THE SPORTS STORE WAS OUR FIRST BIG JOB--
"-- BUT WHEN WE GOT THERE, WE FOUND THE ALARM BOX ALL FROZEN OVER!"

JACKIE, I KNOW IT'S COLD OUT...
...BUT IT AIN'T THAT COLD!
AND LOOK--THERE'S ICE ALL OVER THE FLOOR IN THERE!
"JACKIE JUST GRUNTED AND RAN ON AHEAD, WHILE I LOOKED FOR THE FUSE BOX, FIGURING TO GET SOME LIGHT.
HARRGH
"THAT'S WHEN I HEARD JACKIE SCREAM--
"--AND WHAT I SAW WHEN I STEPPED OUT INTO THE STORE MADE ME WANT TO SCREAM TOO...
GAARGK
"SOMETHING KEPT ME QUIET--BUT NOTHING COULD KEEP ME FROM SEEING WHAT THAT SNOWMAN DID TO JACKIE...
"AFTER A SECOND, JACKIE DIDN'T MOVE ANYMORE--
"--AND THE SNOWMAN FINISHED GRABBING THE CASH FROM THE REGISTER DRAWERS...
"THAT'S WHEN I HEARD NOISES OUTSIDE, SIRENS AND VOICES.
"I GOT SCARED--THINKING YOU COPS WERE HELPING HIM...
"I GUESS I WENT KINDA CRAZY.. BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN WHAT THAT SNOWMAN DID TO JACKIE..."

"I WENT KINDA CRAZY."
BATMAN...?
LORD. CAN YOU BLAME HIM, BATMAN? TO HAVE WITNESSED SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

BLAST!
HE DID IT AGAIN.

SEVERAL MILES NORTH, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, A DARK-CAPED SHADOW DROPS TOWARD THE ROOFTOP GARDEN OF THE WAYNE PENTHOUSE...

...WHERE A PARTY IS IN PROGRESS, ENJOYED BY SOME GUESTS MORE ENTHUSIASTICALLY THAN OTHERS...
...THE FIT THAT'S RIIIGHT... DA-DA-DA...

OOPS. HELLO, BRUCIE.
YOU THROW THE NI-CEST PARTIES.
WHY ARE YOU HIDING WAY OUT HERE, HMMM?

I WAS TAKING SOME AIR TO CLEAR MY HEAD, CISSY, DEAR.
BUT I THINK YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN AIR TO CLEAR YOURS.
ALFRED, SOME HOT COFFEE FOR THE YOUNG LADY.
OOO, BRUCIE IS A PARTY-POOP.

THAT'S SOMETHING I DISLIKE ABOUT THESE PARTIES.
STILL, IF I'M TO MAINTAIN MY IMAGE AS BRUCE WAYNE, IDLE PLAYBOY, I HAVE TO PLAY THE HOST OCCASIONALLY.
AH...I SEE MY STAR GUEST FINALLY ARRIVED WHILE I WAS OFF HELPING COMMISSIONER GORDON.

...THAT'S WHY I TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD, MY DEARS.
I JUST NOTICED...
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEWHERE FOR A MAN TO SKI... NOVEMBER IN THE ALPS, DECEMBER AT BIG BEAR, JANUARY IN STOWE...
...KLAUS KRISTIN'S SHOES ARE COVERED WITH SLUSH.
THAT WOULDN'T BE UNUSUAL EVEN AFTER A LIGHT SNOWFALL LIKE THIS MORNING'S... BUT THE STREETS HAVE BEEN CLEAR FOR HOURS!
ALFRED, WHEN DID MR. KRISTIN ARRIVE?
JUST A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE YOU, SIR.
IT HAS TO BE A COINCIDENCE.
KLAUS KRISTIN IS A WORLD-RENOWNED SKIER, WINNER OF THREE OLYMPIC MEDALS, THE NEW JEAN-PAUL KELLY!
I MAY FIND THE MAN AN OBNOXIOUS BORE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S A MONSTER!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR HOST.
THE LADIES AND I WERE JUST DISCUSSING THE SLOPES, WAYNE.
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE RUN? ASPEN? SUGARLOAF?
I'M AFRAID I DON'T GO IN FOR SPORTS, KLAUS.
PITY.
A MAN COMES TRULY ALIVE ON A DOWNHILL RUN... BUT I SUPPOSE A MAN LIKE YOU WOULD PREFER THE JOYS OF AN URBAN NIGHTCLUB TO THE CARESS OF WINTER WIND ACROSS YOUR FACE.
NOW, IF YOU LADIES WOULD CARE TO JOIN ME--
--I KNOW A RESTAURANT THAT SERVES THE MOST EXQUISITE ROAST LAMB...
8
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

ADVERTISEMENT

PLASTIC MAN™
IN
GOLD FOR DESSERT
WOOZY WINKS IS A WAITER AT THE GLITTERING GOTTROX BALL.
YEAH, PLAS. THEY'RE GIVING AWAY PILES OF GOLD FOR DESSERT! SOON'S THE WORD GETS OUT, THERE'LL BE LOTS OF GREEDY CHARACTERS AROUND.
AND YOU WANT ONE PLASTIC MAN AROUND AS PROTECTION? OKAY, PAL.
CLEVER, PLAS, YOU CARRYIN' IN THE PILES OF GOLD FOR DESSERT THIS WAY.
I'LL TAKE THAT! I WANT ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD!
WRONG!
HUH? HOSTESS® TWINKIES® CAKES.
GOLDEN SPONGE CAKE! CREAMED FILLING! WHAT TREASURE!!
THIS TIME YOU GOT YOUR JUST DESSERTS!
PLEASE-- NO JOKES. LET ME ENJOY HOSTESS TWINKIES CAKES... AND A LAST TASTE OF FREEDOM.
Twinkies.
Twinkies.
YOU GET A BIG DELIGHT IN EVERY BITE OF HOSTESS® TWINKIES® CAKES

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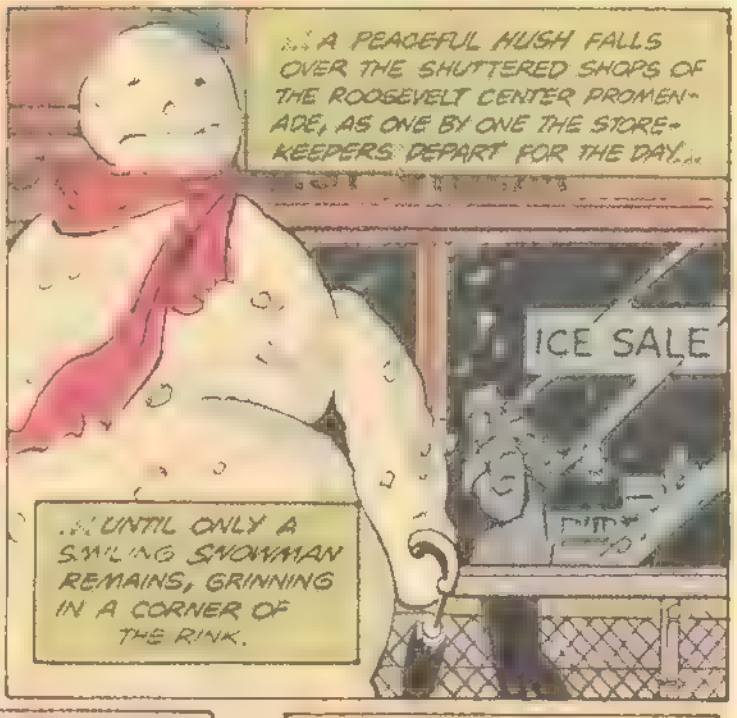
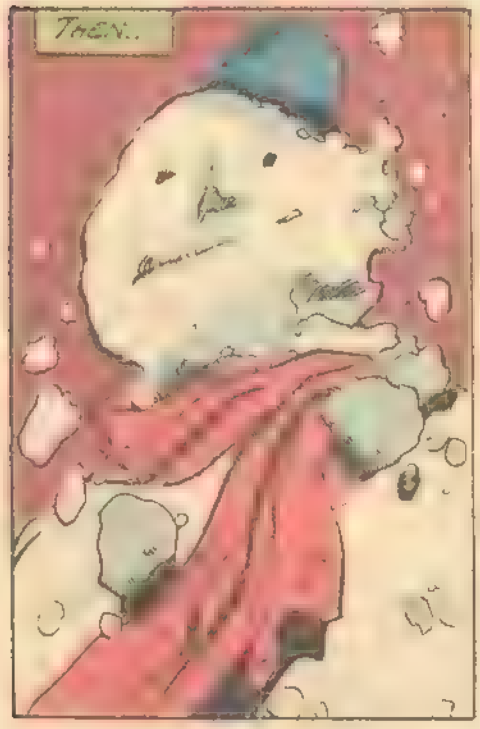
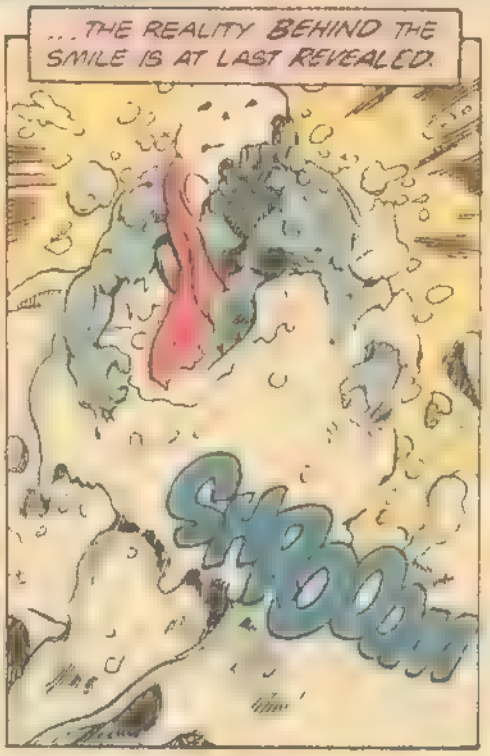
GOTHAM'S ROOSEVELT CENTER, THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...
ALL MORNING AND MOST OF THE AFTERNOON, SNOW HAS WHITENED THE URBAN LANDSCAPE..

...SLOWING TRAFFIC AND MUFFLING STREET NOISE, FROSTING THE SHOULDERS OF PRIVILEGED AND POOR ALIKE...
BUS

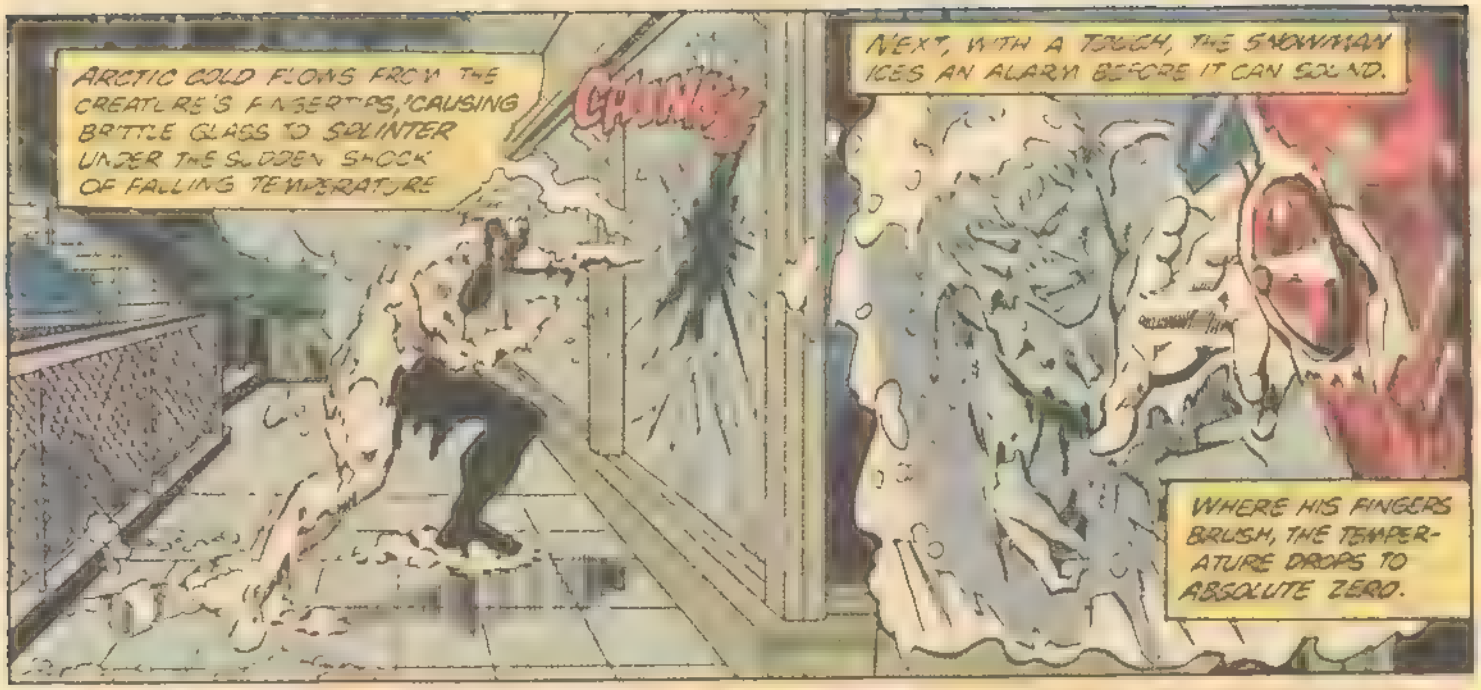
...ALTERING A CITY'S MOOD FROM WORLD-WEARINESS TO CHILDLIKE GLEE
NOW, AS THE STREETLAMPS BLINK ON AND EVEN THE SKATERS HEAD FOR HOME

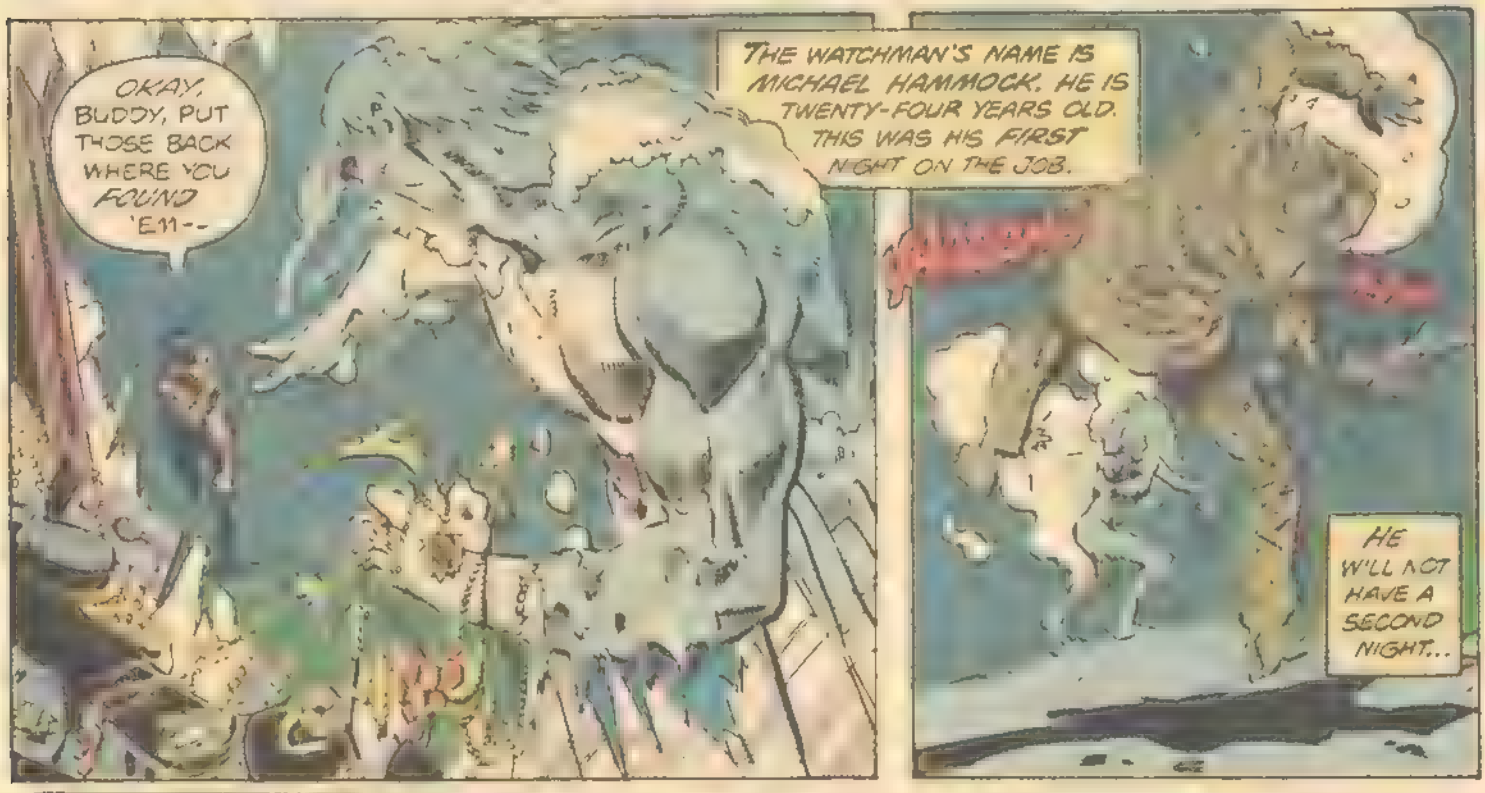

...A PEACEFUL HUSH FALLS OVER THE SHUTTERED SHOPS OF THE ROOSEVELT CENTER PROMENADE, AS ONE BY ONE THE STOREKEEPERS DEPART FOR THE DAY...
ICE SALE
...UNTIL ONLY A SMILING SNOWMAN REMAINS, GRINNING IN A CORNER OF THE RINK.


THEN..


...THE REALITY BEHIND THE SMILE IS AT LAST REVEALED.
SPOOK

CHUNKS OF ICE AND SNOW FALL AWAY LIKE SCALES FROM A SNAKE..
ICE S
...AND A MOMENT LATER, UNBURDENED, THE BIZARRE APPARITION MOVES IN UNEARTHLY SILENCE TOWARD ITS GOAL...

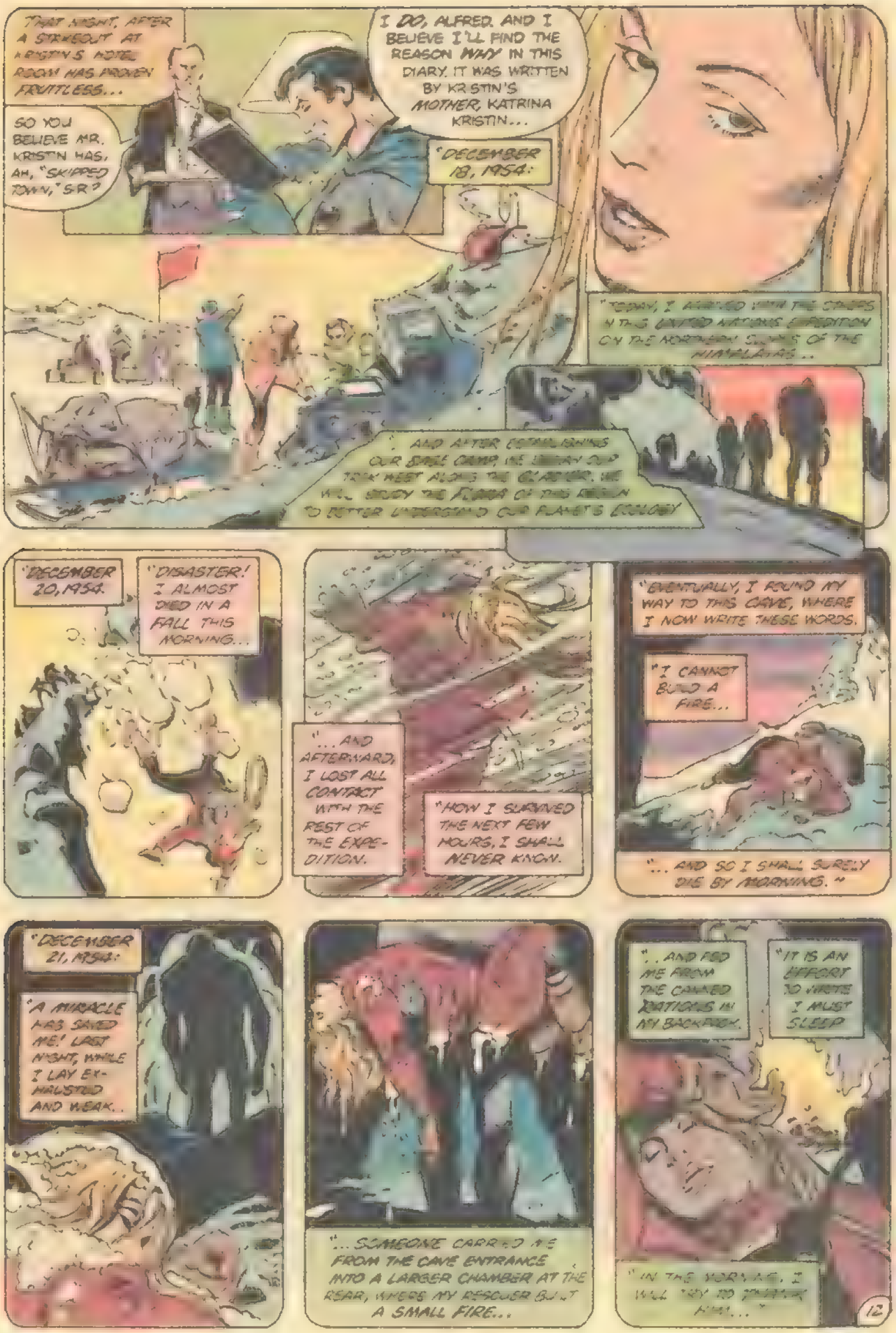

ARCTIC COLD FLOWS FROM THE CREATURE'S FINGERTIPS, CAUSING BRITTLE GLASS TO SPLINTER UNDER THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF FALLING TEMPERATURE
CRUNCH
NEXT, WITH A TOUCH, THE SWAMP THING ICES AN ALARM BEFORE IT CAN SOUND.
WHERE HIS FINGERS BRUSH, THE TEMPERATURE DROPS TO ABSOLUTE ZERO.


OKAY, BUDDY, PUT THOSE BACK WHERE YOU FOUND 'EM--
THE WATCHMAN'S NAME IS MICHAEL HAMMOCK. HE IS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD. THIS WAS HIS FIRST NIGHT ON THE JOB.
HE WILL NOT HAVE A SECOND NIGHT...

SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN A HOTEL ROOM OVERLOOKING MID-ISLAND PARK...
KLAUS, KRISTIN'S OBSESSION WITH SKIING IS NO POSE..

...NOT IF ALL THIS GEAR IN HIS ROOM IS ANY INDICATION.
I CAME HERE TO TEST A HUNCH, TO FIND ANSWERS... BUT ALL I HAVE ARE MORE QUESTIONS.
WHY WOULD KRISTIN TEAR A PAGE FROM THIS SKI DIRECTORY?
10

AND PERHAPS EVEN STRANGER--WHERE ARE ALL HIS CLOTHES?
ONE SUIT... SEVERAL SKI OUTFITS... AND NOTHING ELSE?
EVEN THIS SUIT-CASE IS EMPTY.
HM. BUT NOT QUITE. THIS DIARY...
POLICE SIRENS! COMING FROM THE MIDTOWN AREA!
I'LL EXAMINE THIS DIARY LATER.
HIS RESPECT IS IMMEDIATE AND ALTOGETHER
HE CAN NO MORE IGNORE TROUBLE THAN THE HEART OF THE HUMAN BEING CAN AVOID
LOOKS LIKE ROBBERY
JEWELRY STORE WINDOW SMASHED, JEWELS MISSING--
--AND A MAN DEAD.
HE WAS KILLED THE SAME WAY AS THAT THIEF LAST NIGHT.
AND I WONDER WHERE KLAUS KRISTIN WAS THIS TIME...?
AMBULANCE
11


THAT NIGHT, AFTER A STAKEOUT AT KRISTIN'S HOTEL ROOM HAS PROVEN FRUITLESS...
SO YOU BELIEVE MR. KRISTIN HAS, AH, "SKIPPED TOWN," SIR?
I DO, ALFRED. AND I BELIEVE I'LL FIND THE REASON WHY IN THIS DIARY. IT WAS WRITTEN BY KRISTIN'S MOTHER, KATRINA KRISTIN...
"DECEMBER 18, 1954:
"TODAY, I ARRIVED WITH THE OTHERS IN THIS UNITED NATIONS EXPEDITION ON THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF THE HIMALAYAS...
"...AND AFTER ESTABLISHING OUR BASE CAMP, WE LEISURELY CLIMB NEAR ALONG THE GLACIER. WE WILL STUDY THE FLORA OF THIS REGION TO BETTER UNDERSTAND OUR PLANET'S ECOLOGY
"DECEMBER 20, 1954.
"DISASTER! I ALMOST DIED IN A FALL THIS MORNING...
"...AND AFTERWARD, I LOST ALL CONTACT WITH THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION.
"HOW I SURVIVED THE NEXT FEW HOURS, I SHALL NEVER KNOW.
"EVENTUALLY, I FOUND MY WAY TO THIS CAVE, WHERE I NOW WRITE THESE WORDS.
"I CANNOT BUILD A FIRE...
"...AND SO I SHALL SURELY DIE BY MORNING."
"DECEMBER 21, 1954:
"A MIRACLE HAS SAVED ME! LAST NIGHT, WHILE I LAY EXHAUSTED AND WEAK..
"...SOMEONE CARRIED ME FROM THE CAVE ENTRANCE INTO A LARGER CHAMBER AT THE REAR, WHERE MY RESCUER BUILT A SMALL FIRE...
"...AND FED ME FROM THE CANNED RATIONS IN MY BACKPACK.
"IT IS AN EFFORT TO WRITE I MUST SLEEP
"IN THE MORNING, I WILL TRY TO THANK HIM..."
12

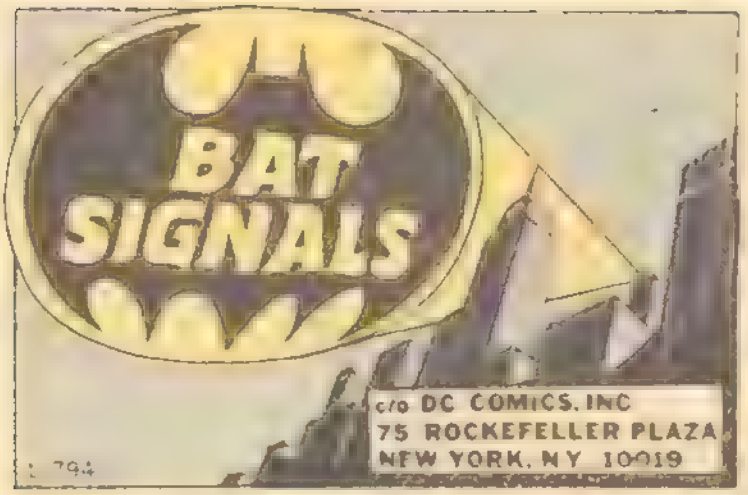
"DECEMBER 22 (OR 23"), 1954:
"I SLEPT A DAY AND A NIGHT OR POSSIBLY TWO NIGHTS
"IT WAS DARK WHEN I WOKE, FEELING STRONG AGAIN.
"MY SAVIOR WAS A SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE FIRE.
"I DO NOT KNOW WHAT DREW ME TO HIM...
"PERHAPS IT WAS MY SENSE OF GRATITUDE, OR HIS STRENGTH..
"...BUT WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS MORE THAN I COULD RESIST.
"I WRITE THESE WORDS IN THE DIM MORNING LIGHT.
"SOON, I WILL RETURN TO HIS ARMS AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, SEE THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO SAVED ME AND TO WHOM I HAVE GIVEN MYSELF..."
EEE EEE
"MAY 8, 1954:
"MY SISTER KATRINA NEVER MADE ANOTHER ENTRY IN HER DIARY.
"WHEN SHE WAS FOUND, TWO WEEKS AFTER HER DISAPPEARANCE, SHE WAS A RAVING LUNATIC, UNABLE TO SPEAK COHERENTLY, EXCEPT FOR ONE WORD ENDLESSLY REPEATED
"THE WORD WAS 'YETI,' WHICH IS, OF COURSE, THE TIBETAN NATIVE'S NAME FOR THAT MYTHICAL CREATURE OF THE HIMALAYAN PEAKS...
"...THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN.
"KATRINA DIED NINE MONTHS LATER, GIVING BIRTH TO HER ONLY CHILD. WE NAMED THE BOY KLAUS AND MY WIFE AND I WILL CHERISH HIM...
"...AS A LIVING MEMORY OF MY DEAR SISTER, KATRINA KRISTIN.
SMILE
ALFRED... DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE--?
3

I AM NOT A SCIENTIST, SIR.
BUT HAVEN'T WE LEARNED THAT MOST THINGS ARE POSSIBLE?
VERY TRUE, ALFRED.
AH--THIS IS A COPY OF THE SKI DIRECTORY IN KRISTIN'S ROOM.
SKIING GUIDE 85
AND HERE'S THE MISSING PAGE.
MY INSTINCTS TELL ME THAT THIS IS KRISTIN'S NEXT DESTINATION, ALFRED.
"CALL THE AIRPORT... BRUCE WAYNE IS TAKING THE NEXT PLANE TO AUSTRIA."
SEVENTEEN HOURS LATER, IN THE THIRD SKI LODGE HE'S VISITED, BRUCE WAYNE FINDS...
KRISTIN--HOLDING FORTH FOR A CIRCLE OF ADMIRERS, AS USUAL.
I DON'T WANT TO CONFRONT HIM HERE IN THE LODGE, WHERE INNOCENT ONLOOKERS MIGHT GET HURT...
..BUT PERHAPS I DON'T HAVE TO..
TEN MINUTES LATER...
EH? I DIDN'T LEAVE THAT DESK LAMP ON.
SOMEONE'S BEEN IN MY ROOM!
MOTHER'S DIARY--I THOUGHT I'D LOST IT!
BUT WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE..?
Midnight -- Summit Funk Eastern Slope. I'll be waiting.
DAMN YOU!
14

MIDNIGHT.
I'M TAKING A RISK MEETING KRISTIN ALONE.
I DIDN'T WANT TO CALL THE AUTHORITIES BECAUSE KRISTIN SEEMS TO ME A TORMENTED MAN... A PERPETUAL OUTSIDER.
HE'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR HIS CRIMES, BUT STILL, COMPASSION DEMANDS--
KRISTIN!
IF I CAN REACH HIM SOMEHOW
.. PERHAPS I CAN HELP HIM
NO, BATMAN...
CALL ME BY MY FATHER'S NAME!
CALL ME SNOWMAN!
HE'S WORSE THAN I IMAGINED-- AND TREMENDOUSLY POWERFUL!
IN HIS PRESENT FORM, HIS BODY RADIATES COLD!
HE'S FREEZING THAT TREE, CRASHING IT ACROSS MY PATH!
KRAK
ONLY INSTANTANEOUS REFLEXES CAN SAVE ME!

THIS ISN'T THE WAY I PLANNED IT!
I'VE LET KRISTIN TAKE THE INITIATIVE--
--AND HE'LL USE IT TO KILL ME!
YOU READ MY MOTHER'S DIARY!
YOU KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT MY HERITAGE!
YOU KNOW WHY I PREFER THE COLD--
--WHY I MUST TRAVEL EIGHT MONTHS OF EVERY YEAR!
TRAVEL IS EXPENSIVE, BATMAN.
I HAVE NO WEALTH--
--EXCEPT WHAT I CAN TAKE!
EH? YOUR SKIS?
THEN, WHERE--
KRISTIN--!
DIDN'T WANT THIS TO HAPPEN...! IF HE KEEPS ROLLING...
.. HE'LL PLUNGE TO HIS DEATH!
16

HE'S STOPPED!
BUT HE'S STILL BURIED ALIVE--
OR IS HE? MY GOD, WHAT IF THIS IS A--
ARRRRRHHHH
--TRICK!
YOU KNOW THE SECRET OF MY BIRTHRIGHT!
YOU MUST DIE!
I DO KNOW THE SECRET OF YOUR BIRTHRIGHT, KRISTIN.
YOU RE A YETI...
...AND AN ALBINO..
EEEEEE
BOOM
...AND ALBINOS CAN'T STAND BRIGHT LIGHT!
MARKER FLARES ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR CROSS-COUNTRY SKIERS.
BUT YOU KNEW THAT.
YOU KNEW THAT--
--BUT STILL, YOU LET ME GET CLOSE TO YOU
I WONDER, KRISTIN, DID YOU EXPECT THIS? WERE YOU HOPING IT WOULD END THIS WAY?
IF THE WIND COULD ANSWER FOR YOU, KRISTIN...
I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD SAY.
FIN




Dear Paul

Re Batman #332.

Being the same age as Robin, I can understand his anger and frustration toward Batman. He's fighting so hard to be understood, and if Batman won't listen to him, then what's poor Robin to do? Team up with Catwoman, that's what! I enjoyed seeing them together, and I think they'll make an excellent team. I've always preferred Catwoman over any of Batman's woman friends, so I'd like to see her in this mag as often as possible And please, whatever you do Paul, please keep her reformed!

And Talia· Obviously she was in cohoots with Falstaff, and when he failed she killed him. True, she also saved Batman's life in the process, but there's more to Talia than Batman suspects.

I hate to say this, but I was disappointed to see that Caroline had been forced into helping Falstaff, rather than helping him of her own free will Blackmail plots just don't sit well with me Incidentally, did you know that Falstaff has been wearing the *same* outfit, eating the *same* leg of mutton and drinking from the *same* tankard of beer since we first saw him in Batman #317?

Sincerely,
Alicia Wu
Cupertino, CA

*The team-up of Robin and Catwoman is, of course, temporary Future issues will show Batman and Robin recognizing their differences...if not totally resolving them. Yes, we noticed Falstaff wearing the same outfit, eating the same leg of mutton and drinking from the same tankard of beer...Comic book characters tend to be creatures of habit. (Besides, you might not have recognized him with a Big Mac, Coke and designer jeans.)*

• • • • •

Dear Editor,

Obviously, "The Lazarus Affair" alludes to some menace from Batman's past, who has been miraculously resurrected from the dead

Ergo, when one casts his thoughts back to 1940 and compares those 12 foot monster men in Batman #1 with the Mutates in Batman #332, who could the Master be but the late Professor Hugo Strange?

How warm am I, Paul?

Yours truly,
Jeffrey Lowndes
Scranton, Pa

*COLD! And my name is Dick*

• • • • •

Dear Paul,

I figure I'd better write now, because when and if the Lazarus Affair ends, there'll be too much confusion in the aftermath for a lone letter hack to keep his head above water

"Fallout", the first part of the "Affair", has gotten me quite interested Gregorian Falstaff made an interesting menace this time around, and it was a pleasure to see him exterminated (who says letter hacks aren't sadistic?) as he's been bouncing around, annoying me for quite some time now

I hear that Len Wein had this story all plotted out beforehand, and now Marv Wolfman is carrying it through Very well. I may not have the respect my fellow fans have for Wolfman, but this *is* a democracy. I'll just have to see it through

Played right, this could be the biggest story since the Bat-Murderer series, or the David Reed Bat-Murdered series Played right. So, keep on your toes, don't pull it out too long, don't end it too quickly. And above all, Marv, if you feel the doldrums of typewriter-key monotony setting in, LEAVE THE DESK. REPEAT: LEAVE THE DESK. Return when you are again interested. Nothing makes quite so dull a story as a bored author

Just two more shots before I scamper off like a hit-and-run driver. I can't stand the way Don Newton draws Talia. He's one of my favorite artists, but the picture of Talia on page eight of "Cat's Paw" (a nice follow-up to "Fallout", I might add) was absolutely awful. But he did such a nice job on the Catwoman, I forgive him. (Ain't that nice of me?)

Speaking of Talia, if you put her big daddy behind all this (as I'm sure Ra's baby is still alive), I'll send you a mail bomb. No joke. (Well, yes, maybe a joke. If I did that, in my other identity, MCINTOSH, I'd have to stop the bomb and arrest myself.) But just don't do it. Merci. Or, as the French say, "Thanks, loads".

"McIntosh" Mark Amundsen
Staten Island, NY

Please! *No Mail bombs! My new job presents enough dangers. As you no doubt have discovered by now, Talia's father, Ra's Al Ghul was "behind all this". But I found that rather enjoyable...and I had absolutely nothing to do with the production of "The Lazarus Affair" (Nor did Len Wein, incidentally). I'm speaking as a reader, like you. Different strokes...*

• • • • •

Dear Editor

It's been a long time since I was genuinely excited and delighted with a comic book. But BATMAN #332 melted this old cynic's heart. The highest compliment I can pay you is to say that I may burst with impatience waiting for #333

It was inevitable that the Batman's two great loves—Catwoman and Talia—would finally confront one another. And this was one time when the anticipation did not exceed the actual event. "Fallout," the first installment of "The Lazarus Affair" was a dynamo of energy, entertwining storylines and curiosity-piquing mysteries. I had no idea that the Gregory Falstaff plot which has been building for over a year now, would be resolved so rapidly. Granted, whoever has been bankrolling that obese ogre, whoever the real mastermind is behind the attempted takeover of Wayne Industries is still free But Falstaff and his right-hand man Krugerrand are dead, Caroline Crown turned out to be a "good guy" after all and her daughter has been safely returned. You accomplished a lot in twenty-five pages, which is good, because you introduced a whole lot of new questions to be pondered over the next thirty days. What is Talia really up to? What and where is Infinity Island, and who is the wicked genius running it? Will the Batman/Robin rift ever be mended? Which woman will truly capture the Batman's heart? As far as the last question goes, my money's on The Catwoman.

And *speaking* of The Feline Fury, the back-up story—Catwoman's first solo adventure ever—well, if anything, it surpassed the lead tale in quality and excitement. What a powerhouse! Wonder Woman, Supergirl, Batgirl—hang your heads. Let Selina Kyle show you how it's really done. She possesses that same 'creature of the night' aura that inspires dread in the Batman's quarry. The opening pages of "Cat's Paw" demonstrated this eloquently. That scene wherein Catwoman daintily extended one claw-er, fingernail, to draw blood from a two-bit hood was too creepy for words! Things got even better when she dispatched Krugerrand, the self-proclaimed master of all the fighting arts, in a matter of seconds Only the story's final panel was a bit unsettling. Talia may be fooling or manipulating Selena temporarily; but the Catwoman has been in the business far longer than that upstart Daughter of the Demon, and I'm confident she'll eventually defeat Talia with ease

Scott Gibson
Evergreen, CO 80439

*We couldn't have said it better ourselves, Scott. Thank you and good afternoon*

# ROBIN
THE TEEN WONDER

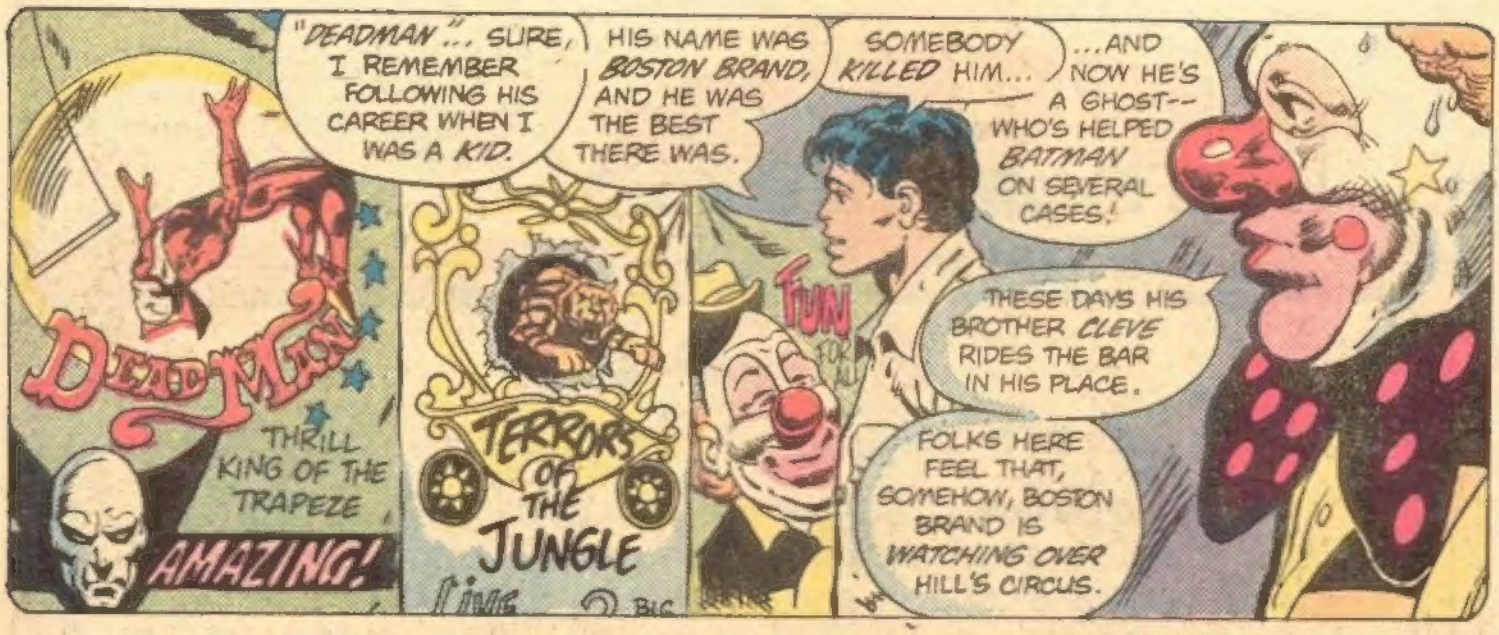
# MURDER ON THE MIDWAY

GERRY CONWAY writer
DON NEWTON & LARRY MAHLSTEDT artists
COSTANZA ADRIANNE ROY letterer • colorist
DICK GIORDANO, editor
HILLS CIRCUS
I HAD COME TO SARATOGA, FLORIDA, FOR ANSWERS.
FOR MONTHS, MY LIFE HAD BEEN IN A STATE OF FLUX... I'D BEEN DRIFTING WITHOUT DIRECTION, CUT OFF FROM THE FUTURE THAT HAD BEEN PLANNED FOR ME.
BUT THAT NIGHT, AS I CLIMBED TO THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE BIG TOP...
...AVOIDING THE GAZE OF THE POLICE GUARD POSTED BELOW...
...MY PERSONAL PROBLEMS AS DICK GRAYSON WERE THE FURTHEST THINGS FROM MY MIND.
I TOOK UP A POST HIDDEN FROM SIGHT, LOOKING DOWN INTO THE TENT.
I WAS THERE TO CATCH A MURDERER.

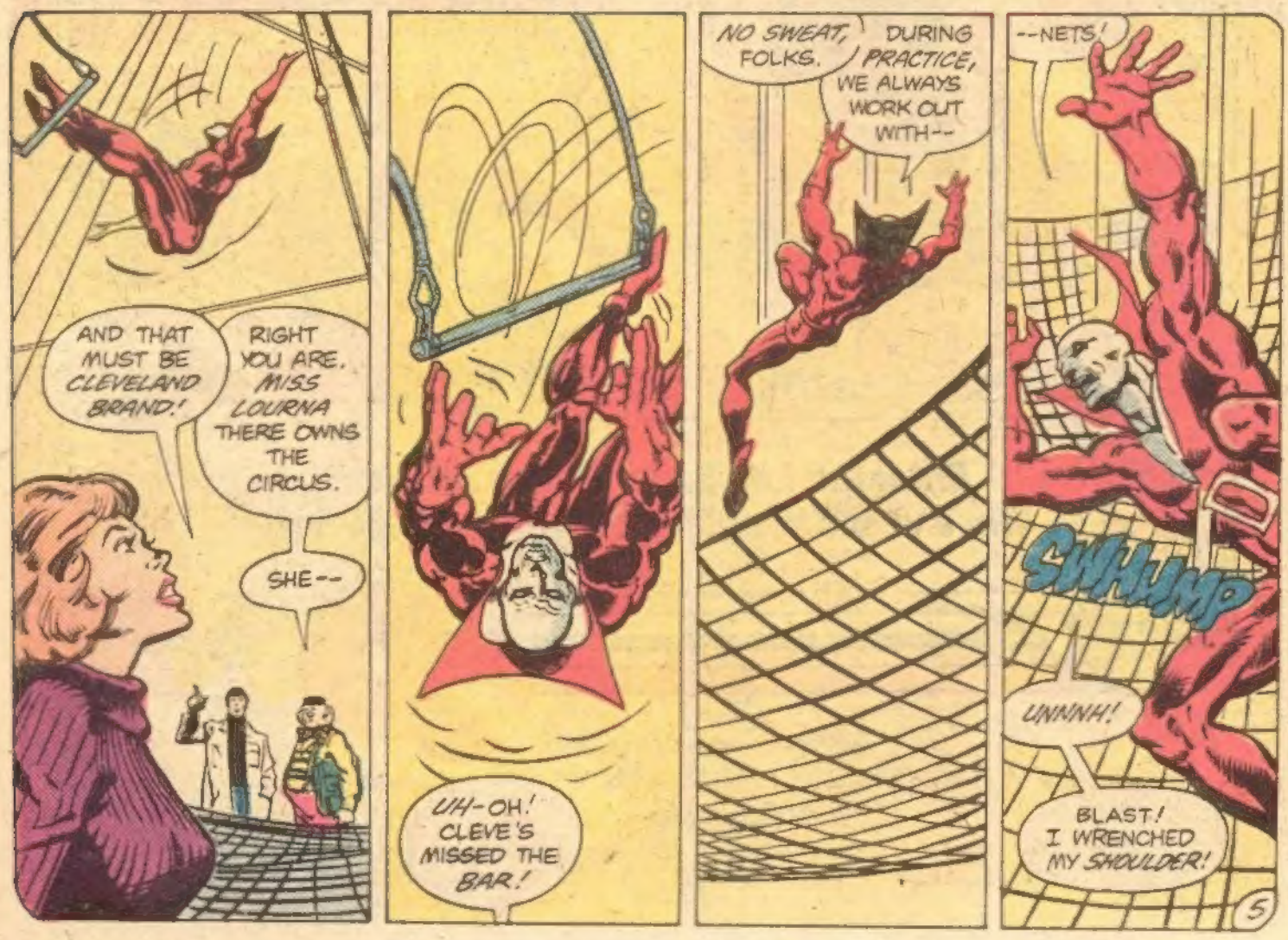
AFTER A WHILE, MY LEGS BEGAN TO CRAMP, BUT I WAS USED TO THAT SORT OF THING, FROM YEARS AS THE JUNIOR HALF OF WHAT THE PRESS CALLED "THE DYNAMIC DUO."
THOSE YEARS WITH BATMAN HAD TAUGHT ME A FEW TRICKS, AT LEAST.
WORKING A CRAMP FROM YOUR CALF IS A LOT EASIER THAN BREAKING FREE FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPECTATIONS.
I SAW A MOVEMENT IN THE CENTER RING, BELOW.
SILENTLY, I SLIPPED DOWN THE GUY WIRES TOWARD THE SAME PLATFORM I'D AUDITIONED ON EARLIER THAT DAY.
SOMEONE WAS DOWN THERE, BUT IT WAS TOO DARK FOR ME TO TELL WHO IT WAS, OR WHAT HE WAS DOING.
AS I WAITED FOR A CUE TO MOVE, I THOUGHT BACK TO THAT MORNING, WHEN IT ALL BEGAN...
SO THIS IS HILL'S CIRCUS.
FUNNY, BUT IT SEEMS A WHOLE LOT SMALLER THAN I IMAGINED IT WOULD BE WHEN I READ WALDO'S LETTER.
Thrills
HILL'S CIRCUS
'COURSE, IT'S IN WINTER QUARTERS AND HALF THE TROOP MUST BE OFF WORKING OTHER JOBS...
...BUT STILL, IT'S KIND OF A LET DOWN.
2

NO ONE WAS AT THE GATE, SO I WANDERED INSIDE AND, RIGHT OFF, I MET THE ROUST-ABOUT WALDO HAD TOLD ME ABOUT.
. . . THE ONE EVERY-BODY CALLED "TINY"...
THIS PLACE MAY BE SMALLER THAN THE CIRCUSES I PLAYED WITH MOM AND DAD WHEN I WAS A KID--
WHOMP
HI. NEED A HAND?
--BUT THE WORK IS ST'LL THE SAME.
UH... DID MISS LOURNA SEND YOU HERE?
NOPE.
MY NAME S DICK GRAYSON. I'M A FR END OF WALDO FLYNN, ONE OF YOUR CLOWNS
HE WROTE TO TELL ME YOUR SHOW IS LOOK NG FOR AERIALISTS.
YEAH?
YOU EVER HEAR'A CLEVE BRAND?
YOU MEAN CLEVELAND BRAND...
WE ALREADY GOT AN AERI-AERO-- WE ALREADY GOT ONE.
UMPH.
THE NEW DEAD-MAN?
UH... YEAH, RIGHT.
CLEVE'S THE BEST BAR MAN THERE IS.
WELL, I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE.
I GREW UP AROUND CIRCUSES.
UH-HUH.
TALKATIVE TYPE, AREN'T YOU?
3

YOU WON'T GET MUCH OUT OF TINY, DICK.
I'VE BEEN HERE SIX MONTHS AND HE BARELY SAYS ANYTHING TO ME.
WALDO!
HEY, YOU'RE LOOKING TERRIFIC! THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU *...
--I WAS PRETTY WASTED. YES, I KNOW.
* DC COMICS PRESENTS #31 --D
THAT'S WHY I WROTE YOU, DICK. AFTER THAT BROUHAHA AT THE STERLING CIRCUS, I WASN'T IN MUCH SHAPE TO TALK OVER OLD TIMES.
SEE YOU AROUND, TINY.
BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE... WELL, THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT.
UH-HUH.
WE'VE GOT QUITE A CREW HERE, DICK.
IT'S NOT LIKE THE KIND OF SHOW WE WORKED FOR BACK IN THE "FLYING GRAYSON" DAYS.
WE GOT OUR OWN INDIAN FAKIR-MAN, GUY NAMED VASHNU...
HI, VASH.
GREETINGS.
...PLUS THE USUAL TROOP OF ROWDIES, CARNIES, AND SIDE-SHOW ACTS.
BUT THE THING IS, DICK, WE ALL LOVE THIS PLACE.
IT'S MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER CIRCUS...
...AND I GUESS THE REASON'S GOT A LOT TO DO WITH THE GUY WHO USED TO RULE THAT BIG TOP, LIKE SOME KINDA PRINCE.


"DEADMAN"... SURE, I REMEMBER FOLLOWING HIS CAREER WHEN I WAS A KID.
HIS NAME WAS BOSTON BRAND, AND HE WAS THE BEST THERE WAS.
SOMEBODY KILLED HIM...
...AND NOW HE'S A GHOST--WHO'S HELPED BATMAN ON SEVERAL CASES!
DEADMAN
THRILL KING OF THE TRAPEZE
AMAZING!
TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE
FUN FOR ALL
THESE DAYS HIS BROTHER CLEVE RIDES THE BAR IN HIS PLACE.
FOLKS HERE FEEL THAT, SOMEHOW, BOSTON BRAND IS WATCHING OVER HILL'S CIRCUS.

IT'S A NICE THOUGHT.
HMPH--WHO'RE THE LOVEBIRDS? OR IS THAT ARGUING SOME KIND OF ACT?
IT'S NO ACT.
UH...THAT'S MAGNIFICENT MELANIE, OUR LION TAMER...AND, UH, JO-JO JONES, ONE OF THE OTHER CLOWNS...


AND THAT MUST BE CLEVELAND BRAND!
RIGHT YOU ARE. MISS LOURNA THERE OWNS THE CIRCUS.
SHE--
UH-OH! CLEVE'S MISSED THE BAR!
NO SWEAT, FOLKS.
DURING PRACTICE, WE ALWAYS WORK OUT WITH--
--NETS!
SWHUMP
UNNNH!
BLAST! I WRENCHED MY SHOULDER!
5

TERRIFIC! FEELS LIKE I TORE A LIGA-MENT.
GONNA BE TOUGH WHEN I DO THAT SPECIAL CHARITY SHOW TONIGHT...
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
YOU'RE NOT PERFORMING WITH A BAD ARM.
BUT THE SHOW--
MAYBE MY FRIEND COULD GO ON INSTEAD.
HIS NAME'S DICK GRAYSON..
YEAH? AS IN "FLYING GRAYSONS"?
RELATIVES OF YOURS, MR. GRAYSON?
THEY WERE MY PARENTS, MISS HILL.
WHY DON'T I SHOW YOU WHAT THEY TAUGHT ME?
MOMENTS LATER, I WAS UP THERE..
...SO HIGH UP, WALDO AND JO-JO JONES LOOKED LIKE TOY DOLLS DOWN BELOW...
...AND AS I WENT THROUGH THE OLD ROUTINES...
...IT WAS AS THOUGH I WERE A KID AGAIN.
I FELT GOOD.
AND I WAS WONDERING IF I'D FOUND A PART OF MYSELF THAT HAD BEEN LOST, LONG AGO--
--WHEN A CRACK LIKE A STROKE OF THUNDER BROKE THROUGH THAT ILLUSION--
K-POW
--AND I LOOKED DOWN TO SEE JO-JO JONES STAGGER LIKE A WOUNDED MAN...
EXIT
HE'S BEEN SHOT-- AND SOMEONE'S RUNNING AWAY!
6

YOU CAN'T CUT OFF YOUR REFLEXES.
MY REFLEXES HAD ME SWINGING TOWARD THE EXIT BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING.
EXIT
TAKE CARE OF JONES!
I'LL CATCH THE SHOOTER!
KID, DON'T!
GUYS WITH GUNS KILL PEOPLE!
I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENT, BUT I'D ALREADY GONE TOO FAR TO BACK AWAY.
I SAW A SHADOW IN THE TUNNEL TO THE OUTSIDE AND HIT IT WITH EVERYTHING I HAD.
SMOKING GUN AND ALL, HUH, PAL?
THUD!
LET'S SEE YOU EXPLAIN-- WHAT?
OH MY GOD.
WALDO!
WALDO WAS BARELY CONSCIOUS WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED AND WAS TOO DAZED TO KNOW WHERE HE WAS OR WHAT WAS HAPPENING...
KID, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.
DO YOU REALLY?
SOMETIMES WE NEVER KNOW A GUY UNTIL SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS...
YEAH-- BUT WHAT HAPPENED?
WALDO COULDN'T HAVE SHOT JO-JO...
TELL THAT TO THE CORONER, SONNY.
HOWEVER IT HAPPENED, JONES IS DEAD--
7

--AND YOUR BUDDY WALDO IS TAILOR-MADE TO TAKE THE RAP.
ONCE WE FIND THE BULLET AND MATCH IT TO THE GUN YOU FOUND IN WALDO'S HAND, WE'LL HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED.
WE'VE GOT BOTH ENTRY AND EXIT WOUNDS.
LOOKS LIKE THE SLUG PASSED RIGHT THROUGH HIM.
YOU MEAN IT ISN'T IN JONES' BODY?
I'M PUTTING A COUPLE OF MY BOYS ON GUARD AROUND THE TENT TONIGHT.
WE'LL COME BACK AND SEARCH TOMORROW, WHEN IT STOPS RAINING.
BUT SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT COME LOOKING FOR THAT BULLET TONIGHT.
AND I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!
THE MEMORIES FADED AND I WAS LEFT WITH THE REALITY OF THE MOMENT:
NAMELY, THAT MY LONG-SHOT BET HAD PAID OFF... AND SOMEONE HAD COME TO CLAIM THE BULLET THAT KILLED JO-JO JONES.
IF I'M RIGHT, THAT'S THE REAL KILLER!
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...
AND THAT'S BY CONFRONTATION!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER, TURN AROUND! LET'S SEE WHAT A MURDERER LOOKS LIKE THESE DAYS!
WH-WHO...?
ROBIN?
I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
LOURNA HILL-- YOU'RE THE MURDERER?
(NEED WE SAY IT? TO BE CONTINUED!)
8